

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1834.

No. 21.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

WINDOWS.

We have had a special regard for a window, ever since we sat in an old-fashioned one with a low seat to it in our childhood, and read a book. And for a like reason, we never see a door-way in a sequestered corner, with a similar accommodation for the infant student, without nestling to it in imagination, and taking out of our pocket the *Arabian Nights* or *Philip Quarll*. The same recollection makes us prefer that kind of window to all others, and count our daily familiarity with it as by no means among the disservices rendered us by fortune. The very fact of its existence shews a liberality in the dimensions of old-fashioned walls. There is "cut and come again" in them. Had modern houses been made of cheese, and La Fontaine's mouse found himself in one of them, he would have despised those *rinds* of buildings,—thin and fragile as if a miser had pared them away.

These modern windows are all of a piece, inside and out. They may make a show of having some thickness of wall at the sides, but it is only a hollow pretence for the convenience of the shutters; and even when the opportunity of forming a recess is thus offered them, it is not taken. It is seldom they contain a seat even in the parlour; and the drawing-room windows in such houses cannot comfortably have any, because, for the benefit of one's feet in this cold climate, they are cut down to the floor; a veranda being probably over head to intercept any superfluity of sunshine. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakespeare, "may God prohibit it." If there is any sunshine to be had, stave it off; especially if you have been grumbling for its absence all the rest of the year.

"Would you have us sit then and be *baked*, Mr.—London Journal?"

Dear Madam, you ask the question with so pleasant a voice, and such a pretty good-natured exaggeration, that you are evidently one of those who may do, or not do, just what you please. We shall not find fault with you, if you close every shutter in the room, let the sun be never so smiling. Besides, we give up the hottest days in July and August. But grant us at any rate, that to have verandas *always*, as we see them in some houses, is hardly more reasonable, than having windows down to the floor at any time; and that the horror of a sunshine, by no means too abundant in this region, has more to do with the fear of discoloured curtains and carpets than it ought to have, especially among the rich. What signifies the flying of a few colours, easily replaced, compared with the giving a proper welcome to the great colourer himself,—the sun that makes all things beautiful? There are few sights in your town-house more cheerful than a sudden burst of sun into the room, smiting the floor into so many windows, and making the roses on the very carpet look as if they felt it. Let them fade in good season as the others do; and make up for the expense, dear fashionable people, by staying a little more at home, keeping better hours, and saving the roses on your cheeks.

Verandas have one good effect. They are an ornament to the house outside, and serve to hide the shabby cut of the windows. Still more is to be said for them, where they and the balcony include flowers. Yet windows down to the floor we hold to be a nuisance always—unnecessary, uncomfortable, absurd,—to say nothing of perils of broken panes and scolded children. They let draughts of air in across the floor, where nobody wants them; they admit superfluous light,—from earthwards instead of from heaven; they render a seat in the window

impossible or disagreeable; they hinder the fire from sufficiently warming the room in winter-time; and they make windows partake too much of out-of-doors, shewing the inhabitants at full length as they walk about, and contradicting the sense of snugness and seclusion. Lastly, when they have no veil or other ornament outside, they look gawky and out of proportion. But the outside cut of windows in this country is almost universally an eye-sore. We have denounced them before, and shall denounce them again, in the hopes that house-builders may be brought to shew some proofs of being the "architects" they call themselves, and dare to go to an expense of nine and sixpence for a little wood or plaster, to make a border with. Look at the windows down the streets at the west-end of the town, and they are almost all mere cuts in the wall, just such as they make for barracks and work-houses. The windows of an Irish cabin are as good, as far as architecture is concerned. The port-holes of a man of war have as much merit. There is no pediment, nor border; seldom even one visible variety of any sort, not a coloured brick. And it is the same with the streets that contain shops, except, in some instances, those of the latest construction; which if not in the best taste otherwise, are built with a little more generosity, and that is a good step towards taste. When we meet with windows of a better sort, the effect is like quitting the sight of a stupid miser for that of a liberal genius. Such are the windows in some of the nobler squares; and you may see them occasionally over shops in the Strand and Piccadilly. Observe for instance the windows of Messrs. Greensill and Co. the lamp-oil manufacturers in the Strand, compared with those of the neighbours; and see what a superiority is given to them by the mere fact of their having borders, and something like architectural design. We will venture to say it is serviceable even in a business point of view; for such houses look wealthier; and it is notorious, that the reputation of money brings money. Where there is no elegance of this kind, (and of course also where there is) a box of flowers along the windows gives a liberal look to a house, still more creditable to the occupants, from the certainty we have of its being their own work. See in Piccadilly, the houses of Messrs. Rickards the spirit-merchants, near Regent Street, and Messrs. — we forget the name—the wax-chandlers, near the Park end. We never pass the latter without being grateful for the beautiful shew of nasturtiums,—a plant which it is an elegance itself to have so much regard for. There is also something very agreeable in the good-natured kind of intercourse thus kept up between the inmates of a house and those who pass it. The former appeal to one's good opinion in the best manner, by complimenting us with a share of their elegancies; and the latter are happy to acknowledge the appeal, for their own sakes as well as that of the flowers. Imagine (what perhaps will one day be the case) whole streets adorned in this manner, right and left; and multitudes proceeding on their tasks through avenues of lilies and geraniums. Why should they not? Nature has given us the means, and they are innocent, animating, and contribute to our piety towards her. We do not half enough avail ourselves of the cheap riches wherewith she adorns the earth. We also get the most trivial mistakes in our head, and think them refinements, and are afraid of being "vulgar!" A few seeds, for instance, and a little trouble, would clothe our houses every summer, as high as we chose, with draperies of green and

scarlet; and after admiring the beauty, we might eat the produce. But then this produce is a *bean*; and because beans are found at poor tables, we despise them! Nobody despises a vine in front of a house; for vines are polite, and the grapes seldom good enough to be any use. Well; use, we grant, is not the only thing, but surely we have no right to think ourselves unbought to it, when it teaches us to despise beauty. In Italy, where the drink is not common, people have a great respect for *beer*, and would perhaps rather see a drapery of hops at the front of a house, than vine-leaves. Hops are like vines; yet who thinks of adorning his house with them in England? No: they remind us of the ale-house instead of nature and her beauties; and therefore they are "vulgar." But is it not we who are vulgar, in thinking of the ale-house, when nature and her beauties are the greater idea?

It is objected to vegetation against walls and windows, that it harbours insects; and good housewives declare they shall be "over-run." If this be the fact, care should be taken against the consequences; and should the care prove unavailing, every thing must be sacrificed to cleanliness. But is the charge well-founded? and if well-founded in respect to some sorts of vegetation, is it equally so with all? we mean, with regard to the inability to keep out the insects. There is a prejudice against ivy on houses, on the score of its harbouring wet, and making the houses damp; yet this opinion has been discovered to be so groundless (see *London Journal*, No. 4, p. 32), that the very contrary is the fact. Ivy is found to be a remedy for damp walls. It wards off the rain, and secures to them a remarkable state of dryness; as any one may see for himself by turning a bush of it aside, and observing the singular drought and dustiness prevailing between the brick or mortar and the back of the leaves.

Plate-glass has a beautiful look in windows; but it is too costly to become general. We remember when the late Mrs. Orby Hunter lived in Grosvenor Place, it was quite a treat to pass by her parlour window, which was an arch, full of large panes of plate-glass, with a box of brilliant flowers underneath it, and jessamine and other creepers making a bower of the wall. Perhaps the house has the same aspect still; but we thought the female name on the door particularly suited it, and had a just ostentation.

Painted glass is still finer; but we have never seen it used in the front windows of a house, except in narrow strips, or over door-ways; which is a pity; for its loveliness is extreme. A good portion of the upper part of a window or windows, might be allotted to it with great effect, in houses where there is light to spare; and it might be turned to elegant and otherwise useful account, by means of devices, and even regular pictures. A beautiful art, little known, might thus be restored. But we must have a separate article on painted windows; which are a kind of passion of ours. They make us loth to speak of them, without stopping, and receiving on our admiring eyes the beauty of their blessing. For such is the feeling they always give us. They seem, beyond any other inanimate object, except the finest pictures by the great masters (which can hardly be called such) to unite something celestial, with the most gorgeous charm of the senses. There are more reasons than one for this feeling; but we must not be tempted to enter upon them here. The window must have us to itself, as in the rich quiet of a cathedral aisle.

We will conclude this *outside* consideration of windows (for we must have another and longer one for the inside),

SPARROW, PRINTER, CRANE-COURT.

by dropping from a very heavenly to a very earthly picture, though it be one still suspended in the air. It is that of the gallant footman in one of Steele's comedies, making love to the maid-servant, while they are both occupied in cleaning the windows of their master's house. He does not make love as his honest-hearted brother Dodsley would have done (who from a footman became a man of letters); still less in the style of his illustrious brother Rousseau (for he too was once a footman); though there is one passage in the incident, which the ultra-sensitive lackey of the "Confessions," (who afterwards shook the earth with the very strength of his weakness) would have turned to fine sentimental account. The language also is a little too good even for a fine gentleman's gentleman; but the "exquisite" airs the fellow gives himself, are not so much beyond the reach of brisk footman-imitation, as not to have an essence of truth in them, pleasantly shewing the natural likeness between fops of all conditions; and they are as happily responded to by those of the lady. The combination of the unsophisticated picture at the close of the extract, with the languishing comment made upon it, is extremely ludicrous.

Enter TOM, meeting PHILLIS.

Tom. Well, Phillis!—What! with a face as if you had never seen me before?—What a work have I to do now! She has seen some new visitant at their house whose airs she has caught, and is resolved to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance through before she'll answer this plain question, *videlicet*, Have you delivered my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. (*Aside*). Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant. (*Looking steadfastly at her*).

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Master Thomas, that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed. The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty; perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I say one word. (*Aside*).

Tom. I should perhaps have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal, and by not being her equal never had an opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant from hire,—I am my mistress's servant from choice, would she but approve my passion.

Phil. I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really suffer any.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! can you doubt after what you have seen.

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffered, or are ready to suffer, for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful jade! when I am in haste about my master's letter;—But I must go through it (*aside*). Ah! Too well I remember when, and on what occasion, and how I was first surprised. It was on the First of April one thousand seven hundred and fifteen I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a little hobble-de-hoy, and you a little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the house keeper. At that time we neither one of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean—the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident. What made you, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you; you could not guess what surprised me—you took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near, you spit and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 20th to Tuesday the 26th August.

SUCCESSIVE WRITERS ON THE MONTHS.

THE sight of an old acquaintance in improved condition, after a long lapse of time, is doubly pleasant. Dr. Aikin's *Calendar of Nature*, published originally perhaps about forty years back, once set us upon writing a similar book, with the addition of what we conceived to be a little more poetry,—a greater sense of enjoyment. Our attempt was followed by a variety of the like publications, all adding beauty and luxuriance as they went, cropping fresh flowers and noticing new objects. We

here give a specimen of their prototype, who has just re-appeared with some congenial additions and elegant designs; * and shall annex to it with a sample or two of his more poetical and lively followers. We regret that we have not some more of them by us, that the reader may see how luxuriantly the good seed sown by Dr. Aikin has flourished. We have our own *Calendar of Nature* by us; but its account of the month of August is not a "favourable specimen," as the Reviewers say; so we beg leave to withhold it. And if it were, the reader might accuse us of immodesty in putting it cheek by jowl with its handsome kindred. Mr. Howitt's is very good, and requires any thing but an apology, though it is but an extract from his month, and not the whole of it, as in the Doctor's instance. The excellence of Mr. Clarke's descriptions was seen by our readers the other day in his account of the Rain-Storm. We have here made him contribute to our variety, by relating a harvest-joke; which, by the way, like most of the very best of caricature jokes, has all the air of being a matter of fact.

GENERAL ACCOUNT OF THE MONTH.

(From Dr. Aikin's *Calendar of Nature*.)

August—so called in compliment to the celebrated Roman emperor Augustus; and by the Anglo-Saxons *Arn-monat* intimating that this was the month for filling the barns with the products of the land. *Arn* is the Saxon word for harvest.

In the beginning of this month, the weather is still hot, and usually calm and fair. What remained to be perfected by the powerful influence of the sun, is daily advancing to maturity. The farmer now sees the principal object of his culture, and the chief source of his riches, waiting only for the hand of the gatherer. Of the several kinds of grain, rye and oats are usually the first ripened; but this varies according to the time of sowing; and some of every species may be seen fit for cutting at the same time.

Every fair day is now of great importance; since, when the corn is once ripe, it is liable to continual damage while standing, either from the shedding of the seeds, from the depredations of birds or from storms. The utmost diligence is therefore used by the careful husbandman to get it in, and labourers are hired from all quarters to hasten and complete the work.

Poured from the villages, a numerous train
Now spreads o'er all the fields. In formed array
The reapers move, nor shrink for heat or toil,
By emulation urged. Others, dispersed,
Or bind in sheaves, or load, or guide the wain,
That tinkles as it passes. Far behind,
Old age and infancy, with careful hand,
Pick up each straggling ear.

This pleasing harvest-scene is beheld in its perfection only in the open-field countries, where the sight can take in at once an uninterrupted extent of land waving with corn, and a multitude of people engaged in the various parts of the labour. It is a prospect equally delightful to the eye and the heart, and which ought to inspire every sentiment of benevolence to our fellow-creatures, and gratitude to our Creator.

Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh! grateful, think
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields.

In a late season, or where favourable opportunities of getting in the harvest have been neglected, the corn on the ground often suffers from heavy storms of wind and rain. It is beaten to the earth; the seeds are shed, or rotted by the moisture; or, if the weather continues warm, the corn grows, that is, the seeds begin to germinate and put out shoots. Grain in this state is sweet and moist: it soon spoils on keeping; and bread made from it is clammy and unwholesome.

Harvest concludes with the field peas and beans, which are suffered to become quite dry and hard before they are cut down. The blackness of the bean-pods and stalks is disagreeable to the eye, though the crop is valuable to the farmer. In these countries they are used as food for cattle only, as the nourishment they afford, though strong, is gross and heavy.

The rural festival of harvest-home is an extremely natural one, and has been observed in almost all ages and countries. What can more gladden the heart than to see the long expected products of the year, which have been the cause of so much care and anxiety, now safely housed, and beyond the reach of injury?

Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stor'd,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.

Somerville.

The poor labourer too, who has toiled in securing another's wealth, justly expects to partake of the happy-

ness. The jovial harvest-supper cheers his heart, and prepares him to begin, without murmuring, the labours of another year. About the middle of this month, the catkins of the hazel-nut make their appearance; these contain the male-blossoms, and by being born thus early acquire a firmness that enables them to resist the severity of the ensuing winter.

This month is the season for another kind of harvest in some parts of England, which is the hop-picking. The hop is a climbing plant, sometimes growing wild in hedges, and cultivated on account of its use in making malt-liquors. They are planted in regular rows, and poles set for them to run upon. When the poles are covered to the top, nothing can make a more elegantly appearance than one of these hop-gardens. At the time of gathering, the poles are taken up with the hops clinging to them, and the scaly flowering heads, which is the part used, are carefully picked off. These possess a finely flavoured bitter, which they readily impart to hot water. They improve the taste of beer, and make it keep better. Kent, Sussex, and Worcester, are the counties most famous for the growth of hops.

The number of plants in flower is now very sensibly diminished. Those of the former months are running fast to seed; and few new ones succeed. The uncultivated heaths and commons are now, however, in their chief beauty, from the flowers of the different kinds of heath or ling with which they are covered, so as to spread a rich purple hue over the whole ground; meadow-saffron, and Canterbury-bells are in flower. Many of the fern tribe now show the rusty-coloured dots on the back of the leaves, which are their parts of fructification. The leaves of the beech-tree now assume a yellow tinge.

Some of the choicest wall fruits are now coming into season.

The sunny wall

Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

About the middle of August the largest of the swallow tribe, the swift or long-wing, disappears.

On their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land.

As there can yet be no want of insect food, moths abound in profusion at this time: the alderman and painted lady butterflies are constantly on the wing, and the weather is still warm—they cannot be supposed to retire to holes or caverns, and become torpid for the winter, and as they are so admirably formed for flight, it can scarce be doubted that they now migrate to some distant country. The wry-neck also departs, and the turtle dove. Starlings congregate about this time. Nearly at the same time, rooks no longer pass the nights from home, but roost in their nest trees.

The red-breast, one of our finest though commonest songsters, renews his music about the end of the month. The young ones, that are now full grown, give us a prelude of their future familiarity with us, by hopping near us, and as it were observing us, among the shrubs in the garden. No bird shews so little fear of man as this, even when not pressed by hunger; and its confidence is rarely abused.

The bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin!
The bird that comes about our doors,
When autumn winds are sobbing.

CORN-HARVEST.

(From Mr. Howitt's *Book of the Seasons*.)

The grand feature of this month is CORN-HARVEST. It is a time for universal gladness of heart. Nature has completed her most important operations. She has ripened her best fruits, and a thousand hands are ready to reap her with joy. It is a gladdening sight to stand upon some eminence and behold the yellow hues of harvest amid the dark relief of hedges and trees, to see the shocks standing thickly in a land of peace, the partly reaped fields—and the clear, cloudless sky, shedding over all its lustre. There is a solemn splendor, a mellowness and maturity of beauty thrown over the landscape. The wheat crops shine on the hills and slopes, as Wordsworth expresses it, 'like golden shields cast down from the sun.' For the lovers of solitary rambles, for all who desire to feel the pleasures of a thankful heart, and to participate in the happiness of the simple and the lowly, now is the time to stroll abroad. They will find beauty and enjoyment spread abundantly before them. They will find the mowers sweeping down the crops of pale barley, every spiked ear of which so lately looking up bravely at the sun, is now bent downward in a modest and graceful curve, as if abashed at its ardent and incessant gaze. They will find them cutting down the rustling oats, each followed by an attendant rustic who gathers the swath into sheaves from the tender green of the young clover, which, commonly sown with oats, to constitute the future crop, is now shewing itself luxuriantly. But it is in the wheat field that all the jollity, and gladness, and picturesqueness of harvest are concentrated. Wheat is more particularly the food of man. Barley affords him a wholesome, but much abused potato; the oat is welcome to the homely board of the hardy mountaineers; but wheat is especially, and every where, the 'staff of life.' To reap and gather it in every creature of the hamlet is assembled. The farmer is in the field, like a rural king amid his people—the labourer, old or young, is there to collect what he

* The *Calendar of Natural History of the Year*. With Designs by George Cattermole, 12mo. pp. 142. Van Voorst. Mr. Cattermole's Original Designs, which are to be disposed of, may be seen at Mr. Colnaghi's in Pall Mall East.

has sown with toil, and watched in its growth with pride; the dame has left her wheel and her shady cottage, and with sleeve-defended arms, scorns to do less than the best of them:—the blooming damsel is there, adding her sunny beauty to that of universal nature; the boy cuts down the stalks which overtop his head; children gleam amongst the shocks; and even the unwalkable infant, sits propt with sheaves, and plays with the stubble, and

With all its twined flowers.

Such groups are often seen in the wheatfield as deserve the immortality of the pencil. There is something too about wheat harvest, which carries back the mind and feasts it with the pleasures of antiquity. The sickle is almost the only implement which has descended from the olden times in its pristine simplicity—to the present hour neither altering its form, nor becoming obsolete amid all the fashions and improvements of the world. It is the same now as it was in those scenes of rural beauty, which the scripture history, without any laboured description, often by a simple stroke, presents so livingly to the imagination: as it was when tender thoughts passed

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

when the minstrel king wandered through the solitudes of Paran, or fields reposing at the feet of Carmel; or 'as it fell on a day that the child of the good Shunamite went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.' 2 Kings, c. iv. 18—20.

Let no one say it is not a season of happiness to the toiling peasantry; I know that it is. In the days of boyhood I have partaken their harvest labours, and listened to the overflowings of their hearts as they sat amid the sheaves beneath the fine blue sky, or among the rich herbage of some green headland beneath the shade of a tree, while the cool keg plentifully replenished the horn, and sweet after exertion were the contents of the harvest field basket. I know that the poor harvesters are among the most thankful contemplators of the bounty of Providence, though so little of it falls to their share. To them harvest comes as an annual festivity. To their healthful frames, the heat of the open fields, which would oppress the languid and relaxed, is but an exhilarating and pleasant glow. The inspiration of the clear sky above, and the scenes of plenty around them, and the very circumstance of their being drawn from their several dwellings at this bright season, open their hearts and give a life to their memories; and many an anecdote and history from the simple annals of the poor are there related, which need only to pass through the mind of a Wordsworth or a Crabbe, to become immortal in their mirth or woe.

GENUINE CLOWNISH REGRET,

Or the Relics of the Pudding going away.

(From Mr. Clarke's *Adam the Gardener*.)

After passing the afternoon in the wheat field, the children amusing themselves with catching and examining the most curious butterflies and other insects that came under their notice, the whole party, harvestmen and all, when the last load of corn had been ricked, sat down to a famous old English supper, of beef, pudding, and home-brewed ale, that had been prepared for them in the barn. What a pleasure it was to see the tired, hungry, and red-faced labourers pegging away at their hunks of meat and brown bread! And how they laughed and quizzed each other!—One of the party, a long, bony old fellow, who had pitched many a sheaf from the cart to the rick, and who had eaten enough to choke a wolf, particularly excited the merriment of his comrades. 'Why, Jem,' said one, 'you pick your morsels *loike* a fine *lady*!—your stomach seems delicate to-day.' 'Oh! he's finikin,' said another; 'because he's invited out to supper. He wouldn't be so *ongen-teel* as to eat in our common way *loike*!' 'It's quite pleasant to see him so *perlite*,' said a third. 'And how daintily he sips his liquor!—like a sparrow.' 'You shouldn't wipe your mouth with the back o' your hand afore *company*, Jem!' 'Where's your thing-umbob—your napkin?' 'I say—old fellow—you'll never be able to do a day's work if you play at knife and fork in that 'ere dandy way;—why, you'll never keep life and soul together. See there!—there's a little bit to put into a gentleman's mouth!—it aint so big as my fist.' The only answer Jem made to their jibes, (for he was too busy to talk much), were, 'I'll tell you what, young chaps!—eat as I may, I know you'd rather keep me a week than a fortnight. I don't get such a supper as this seven days in the week; and it's my maxim to make hay while the sun shines!' As they were clearing the board of the provisions, a blubbery young lad at the further end, who had sat for some time quite silent, and with his mouth wide open, suddenly burst into tears. 'Hal-lo! what's the matter with you, Giles?'—'My name aint Giles—it's Jowley—mother calls me Jowley for shortness!'—'Well, Jowley, what are you howling after?'—'Why—why,' said he, sobbing, 'aint it enough to make any one roar to see all that nice pudding going away, and I can't eat no more?'

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXX.—A PERSEVERING IMPOSTOR.

We had doubts whether the following story from an old magazine had "dignity" enough for our *Romances of Real Life*! But a falsehood, however shabby, persevered in through the very solemnities of a death-bed, and investing itself with imaginary glories as it sets, even of name and estate, acquires a sort of astounding importance, however mixed with the trivial and absurd. The poor wretch, who thus strangely died, had at least something of an imagination, and he could not bear to part with the flatteries of it, even in the shape of the greater simoleon whom he had deceived.

A good likely sort of man, that had been many years footman to Mr. Wickham, a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, came to London, and took lodging at a bakehouse, over against Arundel Street in the Strand. The baker being asked by his lodger what countryman he was, replied, "that he was of Banbury;" the other mighty glad to meet with his countryman, was wonderfully fond of the baker; adding, "that since he was of Banbury he must needs know Mr. Wickham, or have heard his name." The baker who, indeed, was very well acquainted with that gentleman's family, though he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear news of it, but was perfectly overjoyed when he heard that the man he was talking with was Mr. Wickham himself. This produces great respect on the side of the baker, and new testimonies of friendship from the sham Wickham. The family must be called up that Mr. Wickham might see them; and they must drink a glass together to their friends at Banbury, and take a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having got Mr. Wickham for his lodger; but yet he could not help wondering that he should see neither footman nor portmanteau. He therefore made bold to ask him, "how a man of his estate came to be unattended?" The pretended Wickham, making a sign to him to speak softly, told him, "that his servants were in a place where he could easily find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a merchant of London who owed him a great sum of money and was going to break. That he desired to be incognito for fear he should miss his stroke, and so he begged he would never mention his name. The next day Mr. Wickham went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, about playing their parts in concert. It was concluded between them, that this latter should go for Mr. Wickham's servant, and come privately from time to time to see his master, and attend upon him. That very night the servant came, and Mr. Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in a great rage with him for letting him be without money, linen, or any other conveniences, by his negligence, in not carrying his box to the waggon in due time, which would cause a delay of three days. This was said aloud while the baker was in the next room, on purpose that he might hear it. This poor deluded man hereupon runs immediately to his drawers, carries Mr. Wickham the best linen he had in the house, begged him to honour him so much as to wear it, and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon his table that he might do him the favour to accept them also. Wickham at first refused them, but with much ado was prevailed upon. As soon as he had got this money, he made up a livery of the same colour as the true Mr. Wickham's, gave it to another pretended footman, and brought a box full of goods as coming from the Banbury waggon. The baker more satisfied than ever that he had to do with Mr. Wickham, and consequently with the one of the richest and noblest men in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his profound respect and zealous affection. To be short, Wickham made a shift to get of him a hundred and fifty guineas, besides the first fifty, for all which he gave him his note. Three weeks after the beginning of this adventure, as the rogue was at a tavern, he was seized with a violent headache, with a burning fever, and great pains in all parts of his body. As soon as he found himself ill he went home to his lodging to bed, where he was waited upon by one of his pretended footmen, and assisted in everything by the good baker, who advanced whatever money was wanted, and passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and everybody else. Meanwhile, Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day was given over. The baker, grieved to the heart at the melancholy condition of his noble friend, thought himself bound to tell him, though with much regret, what the doctors thought of him. Wickham received the news as calmly as if he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was more resignation to the will of God, never more piety, more zeal, or more confidence in the merits of Christ. Next day the distemper and the danger encreasing very much, the impostor told the baker that it was not enough to have taken care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order; and desired that he might make his will while he was yet sound in mind. A scrivener was therefore immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms before several witnesses. Wickham by this disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels,

coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colours, packs of hounds, ready money, &c., and a house with all appurtenances and dependencies, to the baker; almost all his linen to the wife; five hundred guineas to their eldest son; eight hundred guineas to the four daughters; two hundred to the parson that had comforted him in his sickness; two hundred to each of the doctors; and one hundred to the apothecary; fifty guineas and mourning to each of his footmen, fifty to embalm him, fifty for his coffin, two hundred to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges, of his interment. A hundred guineas for gloves, hat bands, scarfs, and gold rings; such a diamond to such a friend, and such an emerald to t'other. Nothing more noble, nothing more generous. This done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and his whole family with benedictions, and told him, that immediately after his decease he had nothing to do but to go to the lawyer mentioned in his will, who was acquainted with all his affairs, and would give him full instructions how to proceed. Presently after this, my gentleman falls into convulsions and dies. The baker, at first, thought of nothing but burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will. He hung all the rooms in his house, the stair-case, and the entry with mourning. He gave orders for making the rings, clothes, coffin, &c. He sent for the embalmer. In a word, he omitted nothing that was ordered by the deceased to be done. Wickham was not to be interred till the fourth day after his death, and everything was got ready by the second. The baker having got this burry off his hands, had now time to look for the lawyer before he laid him in the ground. After having put the body into a rich coffin covered with velvet and plates of silver, and settled everything else; he began to consider that it would not be improper to reimburse himself as soon as possible, and to take possession of this new estate. He therefore went and communicated this whole affair to the lawyer. This gentleman was indeed acquainted with the true Mr. Wickham, had all his papers in his hands, and often received letters from him. He was strangely surprised to hear of the sickness and death of Mr. Wickham, from whom he had heard the very day before; and we may easily imagine the poor baker was much more surprised, when he found that in all likelihood he was bit. 'Tis not hard to conceive the discourse that passed between these two. To conclude, the baker was thoroughly convinced by several circumstances, too tedious to relate here, that the true Mr. Wickham was in perfect health; and that the man he took for him was the greatest villain and most complete hypocrite that ever lived. Upon this he immediately turned the rogue's body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial had compassion on the baker, and took their things again, though not without some loss to him. They dug a hole in a corner of St. Clement's Churchyard, where they threw in his body with as little ceremony as possible. I was an eye-witness of most of the things which I have here related, and shall leave the reader to make his own reflexions upon them. I have been assured, from several hands, that the baker has since had his loss pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr. Wickham, for whose sake the honest man had been so open-hearted.

A PAGE FOR A NOVEL OUT OF REAL LIFE.

(For the *London Journal*.)

AFTER many years' separation, it is a great pleasure to meet, unexpectedly, with early acquaintances—to find those we thought dead to the world, or slumbering in our remembrance break upon our presence, like the April sun, once again in all their bloom of beauty, aided by the indiscribable charm of manner which education and the polish of refined society alone can give.

In meeting with Marcella, all former days and hours of happiness rushed to my imagination with renewed affection, when I found her, though improved in person, imposing in appearance, and more dignified in deportment, yet in manner to me still unchanged, rejoiced at the discovery, and that we breathed the same air once more. With a joyful heart I hastened to fulfil my promise to dine with her; so, having dressed myself, like a true patriot for the manufacture of my country, in the greenest of green tunic—the whitest of Lime-ric gloves—Bairbriggan stockings—Kerry kid shoes—a Londonderry lace tucker, fastened with three Irish diamonds, in the form of a shamrock—a Cork-made reticule, composed of cord, in which was a Belfast cambric pocket handkerchief, I was set down, precisely at four o'clock, at the mansion of Alfred Burgoyne, Esq. M. P., Merriem-square. This was a very early hour; few families dine till seven; but I hoped at least to have two hours' conversation with Marcella. She was dressing, so not choosing to encounter a host of strangers, who might arrive one after another, by waiting in the drawing-room, and as I saw one of the children peeping out of the study door, I preferred waiting there until Marcella descended. On entering, the governess, a middle-aged French lady, whom the servant addressed as Madame Perrier, introduced her pupils severally—Gustavus—Adolphus—Reginald—Oliver—Sylvia—and Pauline—all called after renowned people in war, wit, or wisdom; the eldest ten years of age, the youngest boy, as he said, "going of *theven*;" the two younger

girls passive little slaves to their brothers; and certainly no house could be dull with such a variety of noises, tones, and tempers. I had hardly been seated five minutes, when they broke through their shyness, and commenced a game at romps. Gustavus had transposed my swansdown box into a bridge; Adolphus purloined my comb, while Reginald made a seizure of, and was exploring my reticule. In order to regain my stolen property, I began to remove the numerous books, dolls, toys, &c., with which their sisters had filled my lap, when the rebellious Master Oliver climbed on the back of my chair, and mounted himself on my shoulders; nor would he get down, until I had raced three times round the room with him. Madame scolded, I entreated, it was of no use, and as I had brought on the mischief by caressing them at first, I thought it best to comply to the delight of the urchin. I had nearly performed the third heat round the room, when the door opened, and a young cornet of dragoons entered. "Uncle, uncle!" all exclaimed. Bowing to me, he turned to Madame with this request—"Permit me to make this a refuge for the destitute?" "Certainly," replied Madame, "but what is your distress?" "Why to tell you the truth, my sister is going to have some blue-stocking people here to dine, and as I hate blue belles, as intolerable blue-bores in society, I cannot tolerate their presence. So with your leave, I will make this my head-quarters, until dinner is announced."

The children now deserted me for their uncle, and I began to wonder what literary ladies Marcella had invited to meet me, when herself and family were all I wished to see. I thought of all the lady lionesses of literature I could in Dublin—Lady Morgan, Lady Clarke, and many others; when Madame asked the martial man why he objected to them, and what reason he had to dislike learned women. "I do not like your pen and ink women," replied he. "This is some strange one my sister has caught, coming to-day. I have never seen her, but can well fancy what she will be like. I dare say she's a tall scarecrow of a Gorgon, with jet black hair, and ferocious black eyes, arrayed in rusty black velvet, preaching with the lungs of a Stentor in blank verse, and walking with a tragedy step—unmarried, save to the muses—I would not sit near her for the world; and," added he, with a wise shake of his empty head, "I would advise you, madame, to mind your p's and q's, or she will write you down."

I was a silent listener, and thought with Dogberry, what I could write him down:—"Shall quibs and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour?" It would have been wasting words to talk to such a popinjay, for thus speaking of his sister's guests; yet I could not help saying, that I thought he had caricatured a clever woman. "Pon honour," said he, "they are all abominable horrors." He was still indulging in this absurdity, when Marcella entered the study. She welcomed me kindly, saying, "My dear Emily, why did you not come up to me?" And turning to her husband's brother, said, "Allow me to introduce my earliest friend, one whom you have heard me often speak of." The cornet bowed—stammered—coloured—hesitated—and seemed in a very awkward predicament. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Burgoyne. "Captain Burgoyne is afraid to meet your blue-stocking visitors," replied Madame. "A soldier, and afraid!" said Marcella. "Well, Emily," continued she, "now your laurels are complete; you have appalled the victor—for it is to you and your pen and ink amusement, which have been so long known to me, I allude—you are the blue-belle at whom by brother is so terrified; not that I think there is any thing very ferocious in your appearance." "Why, no," I observed, "though fond of my pen, I am not 'tall enough for a scarecrow of a Gorgon,' have neither 'black eyes or hair,' nor wear 'rusty black velvet,' 'preach with the lungs of a Stentor in blank verse,' nor 'walk with a tragedy step.'" "For heaven's sake," cried the dragon, "spare me! and I will henceforth become a convert to rationality, provided you will forgive me, and allow me to lead you to dinner." This effected a change in his opinions, and no one could be more agreeable, now that his prejudices were removed.

Marcella, with all the pride of an affectionate wife, introduced me to her dear Alfred, one of nature's own noblemen—a scholar, and a gentleman, combining every qualification in mind and manner, to give true dignity to a very handsome person. He kindly received me; complimented me on my good taste in encouraging the manufacture of his unfortunate country in my suit of green; condemned all French fashions; and on the arrival of other friends, he joined the six little representatives of the house of Burgoyne, in the dance and song, until a late hour. Thus I had the happiness to see my earliest friend, Marcella, as happy as I ever wished her to be, and she as deserving of all the blessings she possessed.

Dublin.

Emily D.—n.

ANTHONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR.

(For the London Journal.)

APOLLO, having completed the business of the day, retired to rest, leaving his royal consort with her twinkling attendants, to "rule the night." At this time, all nature seemed as still and as silent as if she held in her breath, for fear of disturbing the sleep of her children. Every thing betokened tranquillity and repose,—and therefore, taking leave of care for a period, I gradually,

and insensibly, fell into a state of unconsciousness;—little anticipating the Aeronautic Romance I was about to enjoy. Soon however, I experienced the most indescribable sensations,—for I felt as a new creature in a new world. My soul was suddenly seized by two gens d'armes belonging to good Queen Mab,—and thrust into a nutshell carriage, drawn by six most superbly caparisoned grasshoppers. Off I dashed through the heavens, with a velocity the winds might envy;—clouds sank beneath in fleecy clusters,—the terrestrial atmosphere looked from above, like a mantle of glass just flung around the green earth to keep her from cold,—planets, stars, and systems disappeared behind in rapid succession,—comets flitted and glimmered around like playthings in invisible hands,—and the milky-way appeared at a distance, like a mighty streamer of gauze unfurled to the boundless blue. By some incomprehensible apotheosis, the totality of existence, seemed to be personified, and vivified with the fire and brilliancy of poetry—breathing forth a grandeur, beauty and glory; soothing, thrilling, ravishing, and harrowing up the passions into such a pitch of intensity, that the soul,—but language fails me, for I was completely overwhelmed by a whirlwind rush of splendours, as the wheels of my chariot, and the hoofs of my tiny steeds, clattered on the emerald pavement of the grand empyrean itself!

My reader must now take a ride on his Pegasus over many weeks and months,—until at length, he can fancy my being introduced by Minerva into the sanctum sanctorum of the heathen mythology; where, after a thousand preliminaries and preparatives, I received from her hand three favorite instruments, by which I was invested with an omnipotence over the worlds of thought, and of feeling. "Mortals," said the goddess, "have no appropriate names for such articles,—so for want of better, let them be called the critical microscope, telescope, and kaleidoscope."

Enraptured with the boons so graciously conferred—I panted to bring them into immediate operation. Having the fullest confidence in their wondrous virtue, I scorned to apply them to an examination of mere mediocrity, and therefore resolved to begin, by levelling the instruments divine, at what the most competent judges have often pronounced to be the first and finest specimen of human eloquence—namely, "The Speech of Anthony over the dead body of Cæsar." This, I now found to be glowing and burning with a living glory, which I—though always a most devoted admirer of Shakespeare—had never before been able to appreciate: and I was hurried along into such an intensity of delight, by fresher and brighter discoveries of its excellence every successive moment, that at length I positively shrieked aloud, in something like an agony of ecstasy!

But alas! alas! as easily could the sun be plucked from the heavens, and transferred to the canvass—as could those beatific and spiritual disclosures be adequately represented upon paper. Yet, I would fain do my best to give my reader a shadowy outline, of what I then and there saw, and thought, and felt: premising, however, that I can describe only successively what took place *simultaneously*—and that my sluggish pen can only crawl tardily and circuitously, while the realities flashed full and at once upon my soul.

Allow me then to begin with the "microscopic" view of the inward workings of his mind, while the orator was addressing the assembled multitude. The object of Anthony was evidently to avenge the death of Cæsar, and to succeed him in his real though not nominal dominion over Rome: yet how that could be effected under the existing state of things, he felt to be a problem of the most exquisite complexity. He saw very clearly that the senate and the people were marshalled in direct opposition to his purposes, and that Brutus had obtained for himself almost universal respect and sympathy. Nothing therefore could be done before the most inveterate prejudices were eradicated, and the affections of the populace transferred to the opposite party. And hence the following play of thought and feeling which I observed in the spirit of Anthony as he slowly ascended the rostrum.

"Mankind are always envious of their superiors; they love those only between whom and themselves there is a community of sentiment and of interest. If therefore I assume an Egalité with the audience, I may secure a reciprocation of their friendship. This must act upon them in two ways; it will indicate an attractive humility, by shewing that in my own estimation, I am but as one of themselves, having no object distinct from theirs, and having no wish to be separated from them; and, secondly, it will raise them in their own opinion, and thereby most effectually flatter their vanity. Such is the avidity with which the human mind snatches at every thing grateful to its pride, that I am persuaded, my hearers will not be so ready to think, that Anthony is a much less important personage than they had supposed, as that Anthony's philanthropy has invested them with a new and most unexpected importance. I shall therefore at once intimate that we are all on a social equality; and as this better accords with their feelings, they are much more likely to believe each of themselves to be an Anthony, than that the great Anthony has sunk to a level with them. Thus shall I make them fancy they have power,—fire them with an ambition to exert that power in some way or other; and gradually insinuating myself into their confidence and esteem, I shall obtain a sovereign control over their passions." After this soliloquy Anthony stooped to conquer the mob by calling them "Friends!"

But the possession of their sympathies was intended merely as a preparatory measure. He did not aim at absolutely smothering their passions, but rather at blending their subserviency to some ulterior, but as yet, undiscovered purpose. Indeed, the more violent they might be, the better for him, provided they could be properly managed or directed. Accordingly, he thus reasoned within himself on the subject.—"Having happily succeeded to insinuate myself insensibly into their goodwill, I must next endeavour to kindle their rage, without neutralizing the conciliative influence of the former apostrophe; the demon of vengeance should uncoil himself in their souls, and thereby give augury that a tempest is brooding. Associations of war and of bloodshed must be excited, and their wrath must burn; but against whom it is to be directed they must not be able to guess, or else they will steel their hearts to conviction, and as an inevitable consequence, frustrate all my wishes. All this will be done by allusions to the martial deeds of their ancestors. Visions of national glory and bravery will flit before their eyes with a shadowy and yet impressive splendour, as soon as I invoke the mighty name under which they conquered the world. Strike that note, and all the furies of their nature will yell in responsive echo."—Anthony judged correctly; for violent convulsions shook the multitude, and frowns and scowls thickened on their angry countenances, as soon as he uttered the magic appellation, "Romans!"

This word, however, far overstretched the matter. It conveyed a great deal too much; as, in addition to the sanguinary desires it excited, it indirectly raised a tempest of associations that recoiled with tremendous violence on the memory of Cæsar. The very word "Romans," was pregnant with anathemas against kings and tyranny: the simple expression seemed to justify Brutus, in emulating the haughty patriotism of his ancestor, and to call upon the people to rally still more closely and thickly around his standard; yet it would be impolitic to discard it, as no other could so effectually fire their souls with the spirit of revenge. The only remedy, then, was to employ another term, which should in a measure contain the force of both the former, and at the same time cause them to lose their offensive qualities by merging them in greater vagueness or obscurity. A momentary confusion of their ideas would render them more manageable. Such an expedient would increase their confidence, and foment their rage, while it might allay, or at least turn aside, their aversion to that supremacy after which Cæsar but too evidently aspired. Here, however, our hero felt the greatest perplexity, as the reader may see from the following soliloquy:—"Having secured their sympathies by the word 'Friends,' it will be prudent to drop, as soon as possible, every idea of Egalité,—for after all they are to be my tools and not my companions. And having infuriated their passions by the other word, 'Romans,' it is necessary to draw off their attention from the fact of their being bound in honour and consistency, as Romans, to punish every infraction of the laws of the Republic, lest they should become incensed against me as a covert apologist of tyranny, and as a consequence tear me to pieces, and give thereby an additional triumph to the conspirators. Now, then, for a word which shall accomplish both these ends, and concentrate all their remaining feelings as into a focus: all may be done by calling them—'Patriots.'"

The Orator, having gone so far, thought it desirable, if possible, to bring his audience into a more immediate alliance with Cæsar and himself. The last term was of a somewhat exclusive character,—overlooking every thing that was common to them all; and therefore foregoing the benefits that might accrue from a contagion of sympathy. Under this conviction, he looked for a term which might supply the place of "Patriots," and super-add the advantage of referring to an intimate relation that subsisted between them, and thereby wreath their sympathies yet more closely around the memory of him whose death they were doomed speedily to avenge; and to his rapturous astonishment he found all he desired, embodied with a living fervid potency, in the comprehensive but expressive epithet, "Countrymen." This heightened their regard for the speaker, screwed up their passions still more furiously against something (though as yet they scarcely knew against what), and identified them so completely with Cæsar and Anthony, that every heart forcibly received, and still more forcibly emitted, the deadly contagion of sympathy and vengeance. Now then the apostrophe was complete. The first word soothed them into the temper of lambs;—the second incensed them into tigers about to spring on their prey; and the third mastering their passions, held them by the leash, like rabid bloodhounds thirsting to tear to pieces the first object that might be presented to them!

Friends! Romans!! Countrymen!!! The microscope was now passed on to the following sentence, when it gave me this singularly complex view of Anthony's thoughts. "There is a principle in man, which revolts

* N.B.—It is particularly requested, that the reader will apply a similar process of criticism to the first sentence in Brutus's speech on the same occasion. Without this, it were impossible to appreciate the excellencies of either. His words, like his design, are almost the exact converse of Anthony's. "Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers!" We are not, of course, to suppose that Shakespeare reasoned thus about every word,—but nature, faithful nature, taught him all as by inspiration. It is said of Newton that he understood most of the theorems of Euclid by simply reading the enunciations, without any of the drudgery of demonstration;—so here, likewise, our poet could feel with the rapidity and force of intuition, what ought to be put in the mouths of his heroes, whatever might be their character or their circumstances.

from the idea of being a mere tool in the hands of another. Marks of study therefore are always detrimental to a speech, as they put the hearers on their guard, by seeming to betray a scheme for the subjugation of their minds: whereas in what they believe to be extemporaneous, they almost take for granted, that the speaker can have no aim, but what is expressed; and therefore, cheerfully follow his suggestions without any misgiving or suspicion. They are appalled by the thought of falling victims to a previously concerted plot; yet they willingly give up their independence when led to it insensibly. The appearance of design is often more afflicting than the disaster it effected; and even our horror of the brute force of the public robber is surpassed by our hatred of the deliberate intrigue and cold-blooded villainy of the more than doubly perjured assassin, who is designing our ruin, while calling us "Friends." It is necessary for me, therefore, as soon as possible, to use a sentence apparently incompatible with much preparation; its carelessness must be evident enough for all to feel it, and yet, it must be so delicate as not to offend the taste of even the most scrupulous. I must not, however, introduce it parenthetically, or else the object will be detected and frustrated;—but rather, the next sentence, whatever it may be, must be expressed so *chastely* as not to shock the audience,—and at the same time so *chumsily* as to persuade them that I speak spontaneously and not "advisedly."

Having thus determined on the style, he had next to ascertain what ought to be the matter of the forthcoming words. He knew it necessary as soon as he could, formally to arrest the attention of his hearers, for as yet, they did not seem anxious for much specification. So Anthony thus continued his soliloquy. "We are always more ready to grant, what is begged as a favour, than what is demanded as a right: the latter comes like a challenge to our pride, but the former, is an irresistible appeal to our sensibilities. Although therefore, justice gives me a claim to be heard, it is better in this case to ask it as *mercy*; for in denying the *right* their prayer might be gratified, but they cannot reject my *prayer* without doing positive violence to their own feelings. If however, I have recourse to the phraseology commonly employed on such occasions, they may regard it as a matter of course, and overlook the extraordinary earnestness and humility, with which I implore their attention. Consequently I must use an expression which shall be so new and strange as to strike their minds with a sense of its peculiarity; and then I doubt not they will cheerfully listen to me 'till my aim is accomplished."

But it was further necessary, as soon as possible, to insinuate something (but very *indirectly*) against Brutus, and begin very cautiously, gradually to incense the populace against him, before any one could be aware of it. For want of room I must omit a great part of Anthony's meditations on this point, and give merely the conclusion. * * * "In the next sentence I have to effect a triple purpose; I must lead the people to think that I speak extemporaneously.—I must so pauper their passions as to secure a protracted attention; and I must aim an venomous shaft against Brutus, that shall do its work *noiselessly* and imperceptibly. Hence therefore it must be *clumsy*, *pointed* and *sarcastic*: and all I trust may be done by the *circutious*, *novel*, and *hesitating* words, 'Lend me your ears.'"

Let the reader examine this sentence a little more deeply, and see how admirably it answered Anthony's "triple purpose." It most effectually *does away* with all marks of study, inasmuch as it is the very extreme of ambiguity, and a living caricature on all perspicuity! A wit might exclaim—"Does he mean to tell us, he has no ears of his own? Does he mean that we are wrong in supposing he is going to keep them for ever, as he is going to borrow them only for a short time? What can he do with our ears, unless we give him our minds and our hearts as well? If he takes our ears, how shall we be able to listen to his speech? &c. &c. &c." Indeed this sentence, being susceptible of so many ludicrous interpretations, is on the very verge of the absurd—and I hesitate not to say, that, but *one man* ever visited our globe, who could so filter a blunder, as to render it the very quintessence of eloquence and poetry!

It forcibly arrested attention by its singularity. A phrase so anomalous, appeared to be the effect of some very extraordinary cause; and that cause the people fondly ascribed to Anthony's deep and pervading consciousness, that he had no right or claim to be heard, by such persons as themselves. The words fell upon their hearts, like the humble and earnest entreaties of a child upon his father; and they felt proud and delighted, to respond with a father's tenderness and love!

And again, it embodied a strong insinuation that the audience were prejudiced against the speaker, and in favour of Brutus. He did not seem even to hope they would become his partisans, for he merely begged of them for a moment to "lend" him their ears. And above all, the phrase was the very antipodes of what would be expected from the bold and intrepid Anthony; it seemed to betray a want of confidence, or a lurking suspicion of something, and it was in every respect so very "unstraight-forward," as proved the speaker to be clogged and cramped by external circumstances. And they, whose passions had already begun to sway their judgment, would at once ascribe it to a dread of Brutus' influence, so they immediately gathered more closely around him, that they might hear every syllable of his words, and catch all the sympathy of his action. The dead silence of their movements, and the intenseness of their gaze upon Anthony, showed they found a satisf-

faction in yielding up to him all the feelings of their nature, and that their hearts were beginning to throb with a wish to defend him against the world!

The writer may be mistaken, but to the best of his belief, there is not, within the whole range of literature, ancient or modern, a solitary sentence, which exhibits a more profound acquaintance with human nature, or a more complete sovereignty over language. It is the focus of a thousand rays. But its mystic elements are so refined, its bearings so vast and numerous, and its point so exquisitely well edged, that I had never been able to see them till I looked through the critical microscope!

In this exordium, however, the idea of Anthony had been intimately associated with all the excited feelings. It was time, therefore, for him to glide out of the minds of the people, so as not to intrude upon or interfere with the working of their passions. This could be done only by presenting an object that would be attractive enough to transfer their sensibilities, and concentrate them all upon itself. The all-absorbing name of Cæsar would fully answer the purposes; utter that but once, and they will think no more of the orator.

The people had already begun to sympathise very intensely with Cæsar; but the object was to make them so to sympathise as that they might be impelled to avenge his death. Ordinary speakers would here probably expatiate on the amiableness or valour, &c., of their hero; but Anthony well knew that the most fervent admiration kindled by such a detail would be entirely dissociated from vengeance. Delightful themes tranquillize the mind, and the contemplation of the virtues of an individual yields a sweet and peaceful serenity. On the other hand, terrible themes impart their own character to the mind, and fill it with terrible feelings, or fit it for terrible resolutions. Nothing, therefore, could have been more impolitic in this instance, than to cajole the hearers into that mild and tender sorrow which would be satisfied with merely shedding a few tears. Hence, he boldly aimed at the deeper and darker elements of their souls, feeling assured that if these could be but once thoroughly agitated and roused, they would engross or sway all their thoughts and passions. The people, he knew, were not yet prepared for undisguised anathemas against Brutus, and, therefore, with a matchless adroitness, he ventures only casually and *indirectly* to allude to the catastrophe at the capital.

"I come to bury Cæsar," suggested most vividly all the circumstances connected with his death. Once more they saw the brandishing of swords—once more they heard *et tu Brute!*—once more they felt the sickening shudder which always accompanies the sight of bloodshed—and once more they saw all the murderers in full array before them, and their souls began to experience the direct throes of rancour and remorse.

"I come to bury Cæsar," opened to their minds a vista into a long, dark, and cheerless futurity. He who was once the idol of his country and the pride of their hearts, has been suddenly hurled from his joys and his glory, beyond the reach of their sympathy or praise. The flowers of a thousand springs might bloom, or the sunbeams of a thousand summers play o'er his grave, but all in vain: for to him, they could afford no delight; or a thousand tears might be shed, or a thousand songs be hymned, but all in vain; for they could never touch his heart, or awake a smile on his countenance. Cæsar was now to be no more; and as the only available means of testifying their gratitude, they determined to exterminate his murderers from the face of the earth.

"I come to bury Cæsar" threw a meretricious glow over the whole transaction. That principle in man, which leads him to magnify the excellencies of departed friends, gave a mournful sanctity to all the imaginary virtues once possessed by their hero. With a hallowed reverence, they enthroned him for ever in their hearts; their memories recalled all his stupendous victories, with all the brilliancy and splendour of his "triumphs," and their heated imaginations working on their patriotism, affrighted them with the belief that all was now lost, and lost for ever; as Cæsar, whose prowess alone could maintain the sovereignty of Rome over the world, was now more powerless than any of themselves. Hence, there took place a tremendous reaction in all their sensibilities and sympathies: recoiling from Brutus, they wreathed around his victim, and decked it with countless irresistible attractions. Immediately, therefore, the people felt as if they were children of Cæsar, bound by all that was sacred, to avenge his untimely death.

"I come to bury Cæsar" struck a chord which vibrated through every heart. It is not in man, to rail at the dead. The bitterest enemy relents on the grave of his foe; and the most cold-blooded duellist weeps over the victim of his malice, when he sees him bleeding at his feet: he then grieves for the loss of an abused friend; but still more does he grieve, that he should ever have hated and abused him; and as the only possible reparation for his savage ferocity, he vows to reverence his memory, and perhaps to avenge his death. The same principle operated in this intimidated mob—they raged against themselves for having at first felt any exultation over the death of Cæsar—and fancied that by vengeance alone, could they make a satisfactory atonement.

"I come to bury Cæsar" fell on the audience with the force of a thunderbolt, and scared their inmost souls with the thought, that by the hands of assassins, the brave, the polished, and the brilliant conqueror and orator, was no more than mangled clay:—a mere wreck of his former glorious "self." A damp and hateful and horrifying chill ran through them all—and they felt as

if their souls had been suddenly drenched in human blood—and glutted with gore—were even now absolutely reeking from its hideous pollutions! The irritated multitude became restless, moving to and fro, from side to side, in dark and massy undulations,—like the ocean gradually lashed into fury by the storm:—while their every effort to stifle their rising rage, tended only to give it a gloomier hue and a more deadly intensity.

"I come to bury Cæsar"—as soon as the doleful words were uttered, all the conspirators who were present involuntarily howled in chorus, long and dismal groans, "not loud" perhaps, "but deep." Anthony sobbed aloud—while the glance of his eye turned the attention of the people, to the dead body of Cæsar, as it lay beneath, all bloody and torn. A wild and savage yell from the angry mob, immediately announced the brooding of the storm—the nearness of its approach and the dreadful havoc and desolation it was about to make. Under this deep gathering darkness, were let loose all the elements of destruction: every heart was maddened into a boiling vortex—and the fellest, foulest, fiercest purposes, rioted in every wish, and revelled with rapt ecstasy, in every feeling of their nature!

Having so far excited their passions, Anthony could now venture on a bolder allusion to Cæsar. But even here he durst not do so *directly*, for the people were still in *principle* as much opposed to him as ever; so that it was only by subduing or seducing their feelings, they could be enlisted in his cause. Already however, they mourned the loss of Cæsar;—and their grief would be immeasurably heightened by painting his excellencies to their minds. But the difficulty was, to execute a proper portraiture:—a detail of his many recommendations would have been tedious and useless; and a specification of any particular virtue would have been ineffectual—as it might be contradicted. Hence the irresistible force of "not to praise him." The words were so vague and mysterious as to admit of no contradiction, and yet so explicit and vivid, as to make themselves felt. The character of Cæsar was thus seen as through a prism, too shadowy to be defined, and yet too beautiful and bright, not to be attractive to every beholder.

"Not to praise him" intimated that he might have expatiated on his virtues and glories, for they were many and great;—and their own excited imaginations would abundantly fill up the unfinished draught, and give it the deepest colouring.

"Not to praise him" assumed his virtues too well known to need a catalogue, and too universally confessed to require proof. His character appeared too plain for ornament, and too grand for illustration; thus equally by its humility and its majesty, leaving at a distance the most eloquent eulogium. The hearers became enamoured with the picture Anthony's skill had led them to form to themselves, and therefore stopped not to examine its fidelity. A meteor, as it were, flashed before their eyes, with such intensity, that they thought of nothing but its brilliancy and premature evanishment.

"Not to praise him"—intimated that the situation of the speaker was extremely perilous (and by a contagion of sympathy the hearers would fancy the same of themselves), inasmuch as he durst not give full expression to his feelings, lest Brutus should hurl him to destruction. The people therefore were delighted with the apparent fearless magnanimity, which, in such circumstances, could say any thing at all in favour of Cæsar, and their passions would violently rebound into a paroxysm of agony and of rage against his opponents.

"Not to praise him"—above all, this might lead the hearers to suppose, that he forbore, from a dignified compassion for Brutus; and that from a contemptuous pity, he refrained from all such expressions as might impel them to vengeance. This gave them a higher confidence in the rectitude of his motives, and the leniency of his purposes; so that in listening to the words, they would exclaim of Anthony, "half his strength he put not forth, but checked it in mid volley." All this "infixed" plagues into their souls, and plunged them into such an intensity and agony of fury that blood—blood—blood alone would assuage it; but who was to be the victim, the subsequent sentences was to decide. Every principle of their nature became as a separate burning centre of emanation of hatred and of scorn—every passion became as a fatal blast, scorching and withering all around,—and every individual hearer became a living focus of all that was terrible and destructive!

But I see, from my reader's gaping and yawning, that my story has already doubled the length of his patience. For the *present* therefore, I drop the curtain on the telescopic analysis of the speech, and forbear to inflict any description of its appearance in perspective, as seen through the kaleidoscope,—reserving those glories for such as have thoroughly understood and felt this first scene in the Aeronautic Romance.

F. F.

MAGIC AND MAGICIANS.

(From an interesting article in the sixth and last volume (just published) of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiousities of Literature*.)

WHAT a subject, were I to enter on it, would be the narratives of magical writers! These precious volumes have been so constantly wasted by the profane, that now a book of real magic requires some to find it, as well as a magician to use it. Albertus Magnus, or Albert the

Great, as he is erroneously styled—for this sage only derived his enviable epithet from his name *De Groot*, as did Hugo Grotius—this sage, in his "Admirable Secrets," delivers his opinion that these books of magic should be most precious preserved; for, he prophetically added, the time is arriving when they would be understood! It seems that they were not intelligible in the thirteenth century; but, if Albertus has not miscalculated, in the present day they may be! Magical terms with talismanic figures may yet conceal many a secret; gunpowder came down to us in a sort of anagram, and the kaleidoscope with its interminable multiplications of forms, lay at hand for two centuries in Baptista Porta's "Natural Magic." The abbot Trithemius, in a confidential letter, happened to call himself a magician, perhaps at the moment he thought himself one, and sent three or four leaves stuffed with the names of devils, and with their evocations. At the death of his friend, these leaves fell into the unworthy hands of the prior, who was so frightened on the first glance at the diabolical nomenclature, that he raised the country against the abbot, and Trithemius was nearly a lost man. Yet, after all, this evocation of devils has reached us in his "Steganographia," and proves to be only one of this ingenious abbot's polygraphic attempts at secret writing; for he had flattered himself that he had invented a mode of concealing his thoughts from all the world, while he communicated them to a friend. Roger Bacon promised to raise thunder and lightning, and disperse clouds by dissolving them into rain. The first magical process has been obtained by Franklin; and the other, of far more use to our agriculturists, may perchance be found lurking in some corner which has been overlooked in the "Opus Magnus" of our "Doctor Mirabilis." Do we laugh at their magical works of art? Are we ourselves such indifferent artists? Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his "Vanity of the Arts and Sciences," intended to reduce into a method and system the secret of communicating with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Pselus, Plotinus, Jamblicus—and on better, were it necessary to alledge it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Greeks called *dæmones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects. Yet this occult philosopher, who knew perfectly eight languages, and married two wives, with whom he had never exchanged a harsh word in any of them, was every where avoided as having by his side, for his companion, a personage no less than a demon. This was a great black dog whom he suffered to stretch himself out among his magical manuscripts, or lie on his bed, often kissing and patting him, and feeding him on choice morsels. Yet for this would Paulus Jovius and all the world have had him put to the ordeal of fire and faggot! The truth was afterwards boldly asserted by Wierus, his learned domestic, who believed that his master's dog was really nothing more than he appeared! "I believe," says he, "that he was a real natural dog; he was indeed black, but of a moderate size, and I have often led him by a string, and called him by the French name Agrippa had given him, Monsieur! and he had a female who was called Mademoiselle! I would ask how authors of such great characters should write so absurdly on his vanishing at his death, nobody knows how!" But, as it is probable that Monsieur and Mademoiselle must have generated some puppy demons, Wierus ought to have been more circumstantial.

Albertus Magnus, for thirty years, had never ceased working at a man of brass, and had cast together the qualities of his material under certain constellations, which threw such a spirit upon his man of brass, that it was reported his growth was visible; his feet, legs, thighs, shoulders, neck, and head expanded, and made the city of Cologne uneasy at possessing one citizen too mighty for them all. This man of brass, when he reached his maturity, was so loquacious, that Albert's master, the great scholastic Thomas Aquinas, one day, tired of his babble, and declaring it was a devil, or devilish, with his staff knocked his head off; and, what was extraordinary, this brazen man, like any human being thus effectually silenced, "word never spake more." This incident is equally historical and authentic; though whether heads of brass can speak, and even prophecy, was indeed a subject of profound enquiry, even at a later period. Naudé, who never questioned their vocal powers, and yet was puzzled concerning the nature of this new species of animal, has, no doubt, most judiciously stated the question, whether these speaking brazen heads had a sensitive and reasoning nature, or whether demons spoke in them? But brass has not the faculty of providing its own nourishment, as we see in plants, and therefore they were not sensitive; and, as for the act of reasoning, these brazen heads presumed to know nothing but the future; with the past and the present they seem totally unacquainted, so that their memory and their observation were very limited; and as for the future, that is always doubtful, and obscure even to heads of brass! This learned man then infers, that "These brazen heads could have no reasoning faculties, for nothing altered their nature; they said what they had to say, which no one could contradict; and having said their say, you might have broken their heads for anything more that you could have got out of them. Had they had any life in them, would they not have moved as well as spoken? Life itself is but motion, but they had no lungs, no spleen; and, in fact, though they spoke, they had no tongue. Was a devil in them? I

think not. Yet why should men have taken all this trouble to make, not a man, but a trumpet?"

Our profound philosopher was right not to agitate the question, whether these brazen heads had ever spoken? Why should not a man of brass speak, since a doll can whisper, and a statue play chess? Another magical invention has been ridiculed with equal reason. A magician was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passers in the street; and he, particularly so, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered its purpose by frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! the wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick.

The works of the ancient alchemists have afforded numberless discoveries to modern chymists; nor is even their grand operation despaired of. If they have of late not been so renowned, this has arisen from a want of what Ashmole calls "apertness;" a qualification early inculcated among these illuminated sages. We find authenticated accounts of some who have lived three centuries, with tolerable complexions, possessed of nothing but a crucible and a bellows! but they were so unnecessarily mysterious, that whenever such a person was discovered, he was sure in an instant to disappear and was never afterwards heard of.

In the "Liber Patris Sapientie" this selfish cautiousness is all along impressed on the student, for the accomplishment of the great mystery. In the commentary on this precious work by the alchemist Norton, who counsels,

"Be thou in a place secret, by thyself alone,
That no man see or hear what thou shalt say or do.
Trust not thy friend too much wheresoe'er thou go,
For he thou trustest best sometime may be thy foe;"

Ashmole observes, that "Norton gives exceeding good advice to the student in this science where he bids him be secret in the carrying on of his studies and operations, and not let any one know of his undertakings but his good angel and himself: and such a close and retired breast had Norton's master, who,

"When men disputed of colours of the rose,
He would not speak, but kept himself full close!"

We regret that by each leaving all his knowledge to his "good angel and himself," it has happened that the "good angels" have kept it all to themselves.

It cannot, however, be denied, that if they could not always extract gold out of lead, they sometimes succeeded in washing away the pimples on ladies faces, notwithstanding that Sir Kenelm Digby poisoned his most beautiful lady, because, as Sancho would have said, he was one of those who would "have his bread whiter than the whitest wheaten." Van Helmont, who could not succeed in discovering the true elixir of life, however, hit on the spirit of hartshorn, which, for a good while, he considered was the wonderful elixir itself, restoring to life persons who seemed to have lost it. And though this delightful enthusiast could not raise a ghost, yet he thought he had; for he raised something aerial from Spa water, which, mistaking for a ghost, he gave it that very name; a name which we still retain in *gas*, from the German *geist*, or ghost. Paracelsus carried the tinsy spirit about him in the hilt of his great sword! Having first discovered the qualities of laudanum, this illustrious quack made use of it as an universal remedy; and distributed it in the form of pills, which he carried in the basket-hilt of his sword; the operations he performed were as rapid as they seemed magical. Doubtless we have lost some inconceivable secrets by some unexpected occurrences, which the secret itself, it would seem, ought to have prevented taking place. When the philosopher had discovered the art of prolonging life to an indefinite period, it is most provoking to find that he should have allowed himself to die at an early age! We have a very authentic history from Sir Kenelm Digby himself, that when he went in disguise to visit Descartes at his retirement at Egmond, lamenting the brevity of life which hindered philosophers getting on in their studies, the French philosopher assured him that "he had considered that matter; to render a man immortal was what he could not promise, but that he was very sure it was possible to lengthen out his life to the period of the patriarchs." And when his death was announced to the world, the Abbé Picot, an ardent disciple, for a long time would not believe it possible, and at length insisted, that if it had occurred, it must be owing to some mistake of the philosopher.

The late Holcroft, Louthborough and Cosway, imagined that they should escape the vulgar era of Christian life by re-organising their old bones, and moistening their dry marrow; their new principles of vitality were supposed by them to be found in the powers of the mind; this seemed more reasonable, but proved to be as little efficacious as those of other philosophers who imagine they have detected the hidden principle of life in the eels frisking in vinegar, and allude to "the bookbinder, who creates the bookworm!"

Paracelsus has revealed to us one of the grandest secrets of nature. When the world began to dispute on the very existence of the elementary folk, it was then that he boldly offered to give birth to a fairy, and has sent down to posterity a recipe. He describes the impurity which is to be transmuted into such purity, the gross elements of a delicate fairy, which, fixed in a phial, placed in fuming dung, will in due time settle into a full

grown fairy, bursting through its vitreous prison, on the vivifying principle on which the ancient Egyptians hatched their eggs in ovens. I recollect at Dr. Farmer's sale, the leaf which preserved this recipe for making a fairy, forcibly folded down by the learned commentator; from which we must infer the credit he gave to the experiment. There was a greatness of mind in Paracelsus, who, having furnished a recipe to make a fairy, had the delicacy to refrain from its formation. Even Baptista Porta, one of the most enlightened philosophers, does not deny the possibility of producing creatures, which "at their full growth shall not exceed the size of a mouse;" but he adds, "they are only pretty little dogs to play with." Were these akin to the fairies of Paracelsus?

They were well convinced of the existence of such elemental beings; frequent accidents in mines shewed the potency of the metallic spirits; which so tormented the workmen in some of the German mines, by blindness, giddiness, and sudden sickness, that they have been obliged to abandon mines well known to have been rich in silver. A metallic spirit, at one sweep, annihilated twelve miners, who were all found dead together. The fact was unquestionable; and the safety lamp was undiscovered.

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite Palingenesis, as it has been termed from the Greek, or regeneration; or rather, the apparitions of animals and plants. Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing they say perishes in nature; all is but a continuation, or revival. The seeds of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man: the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted unsubstantial, and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grew on rose trees, but their delicate apparitions; and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment. The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers, having burned a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial: a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upwards into primitive forms; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves and the flower arise; it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phoenix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produces this resurrection; in its absence it returns to its death. Thus the dead naturally revive; and a corpse may give out its shadowy re-animation when not too deeply buried in the earth. Bodies corrupted in their graves have risen, particularly the murdered; for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts, exhaled in vapour by means of their fermentation, have arranged themselves on the surface of the earth, and have formed those phantoms, which at night have often terrified the passing spectator, as authentic history witnesses. They have opened the graves of the phantom and discovered the bleeding corpse beneath; hence it is astonishing how many ghosts may be seen at night, after a recent battle, standing over their corpses! On the same principle, my old philosopher Gaffarel conjectures on the raining of frogs; but these frogs, we must conceive, can only be the ghosts of frogs; and Gaffarel himself has modestly opened this fact by a "peradventure." A more satisfactory origin of ghosts modern philosophy has not afforded.

And who does not believe in the existence of ghosts? for as Dr. More forcibly says, "That there should be so universal a *fame* and *fear* of that which never was nor is, nor can ever be in the world, is to me the greatest miracle in the world. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the public by false. The alchemist would never go about to sophisticate metals to pass them off for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged as true gold and silver in the world."

The pharmacopœia of those times combined more of morals with medicine than our own. They discovered that the agate rendered a man eloquent and even witty; a laurel leaf placed on the centre of the skull, fortified the memory; the brains of fowls, and birds of swift wing, wonderfully helped the imagination. All such specifics have now disappeared, and have greatly reduced the chances of an invalid recovering that which perhaps he never possessed. Lentils and rape-seed were a certain cure for the small-pox, and very obviously, their grains resembling the spots of this disease. They discovered that those who lived on "fair" plants became fair, those on fruitful ones were never barren; on the principle that Hercules acquired his mighty strength by feeding on the marrow of lions. But their talismans, provided they were genuine, seem to have been wonderfully operative; and had we the same confidence, and melted down the guineas we give physicians, engraving on them talismanic figures, I would answer for the good effects of the experiment. Naudé, indeed, has utterly ridiculed the occult virtues of talismans, in his defence of Virgil, accused of being a magician: the poet, it seems, cast into a well a talisman of a horse-leech, graven on a plate of gold, to drive away the great number of horse-

leeches which infested Naples. Naudé positively denies that talismans possessed any such occult virtues. Gaffarel regrets that so judicious a man as Naudé should have gone this length, giving the lie to so many authentic authors; and Naudé's paradox is, indeed, as strange as his denial; he suspects the thing is not true, because it is so generally told! "It leads one to suspect," says he, "as animals are said to have been driven away from so many places by these talismans, whether they were ever driven from any place." Gaffarel, suppressing by his good temper his indignant feelings at such reasoning, turns the paradox on its maker:—"As if, because of the great number of battles which Hannibal is reported to have fought with the Romans, we might not, by the same reason, doubt whether he fought any one with them." The reader must be aware that the strength of the argument lies with the firm believer in talismans. Gaffarel, indeed, who passed his days in collecting "Curiosities inouïes," is a most authentic historian of unparalleled events, even his own times! Such as that heavy rain in Poitou, which showered down "petites bestioles," little creatures like bishops with their mitres, and monks with their capuchins over their heads; it is true, afterwards they all turned into butterflies.

The museums, the cabinets, and the inventions of our early virtuosi were the baby-houses of philosophers. Baptista Porta, Bishop Wilkins, and old Ashmole, were they now living, had been enrolled among the quiet members of the "Society of Arts," instead of flying in the air, collecting "A wing of the phoenix, as tradition goes;" or catching the disjointed syllables of an old dotting astrologer. But those early dilettanti had not derived the same pleasure from the useful inventions of the aforesaid "Society of Arts," as they received from what Cornelius Agrippa, in a fit of spleen, calls "things vain and superfluous, invented for no other end but for pomp and idle pleasure." Baptista Porta was more skilful in the mysteries of art and nature than any man in his day. Having founded the Academy *de gli Oziiosi*, he held an inferior association in his own house, called *di Secreti*, where none was admitted but those elect who had communicated some secret; for in the early period of modern art and science, the slightest novelty became a secret, not to be confided to the uninitiated. Porta was unquestionably a fine genius, as his works still shew; but it was a misfortune that he attributed his own penetrating sagacity to his skill in the art of divination. He considered himself a prognosticator; and what was more unfortunate, some eminent persons really thought he was. Predictions and secrets are harmless, provided they are not believed; but his holiness finding Porta's were, warned him that magical sciences were great hindrances to the study of the bible, and paid him the compliment to forbid his prophesying. Porta's genius was now limited to astonish, and sometimes to terrify, the more ingenious part of *I Secreti*. On entering his cabinet, some phantom of an attendant was sure to be hovering in the air, moving as he who entered moved; or he observed in some mirror that his face was twisted and on the wrong side of his shoulders, and did not quite think that all was right when he clapped his hand on it; or passing through a darkened apartment, a magical landscape burst on him with human beings in motion, the boughs of trees bending, and the very clouds passing over the sun; or, sometimes banquets, battles, and hunting-parties in the same apartment. "All these spectacles my friends have witnessed!" exclaims the self-delighted Baptista Porta. When his friends drank wine out of the same cup which he had used, they were mortified with wonder: for he drank wine, and they only water! or, on a summer's day, when all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or, on a sudden, let off a flying dragon to sail along with a cracker in its tail, and a cat tied on its back; shrill was the sound, and awful was the concussion; so that it required strong nerves in an age of apparitions and devils, to meet this great philosopher when in his best humour. Albertus Magnus entertained the Earl of Holland, as that earl passed through Cologne, in a severe winter, with a warm summer-scene, luxuriant in fruits and flowers. The fact is related by Trithemius—and this magical scene connected with his vocal head, and his books *de Secretis Mulierum*, and *de Mirabilibus*, confirmed the accusations they raised against the great Albert, for being a magician. His apologist, Theophilus Raynaud, is driven so hard to defend Albertus, that he at once asserts, that the winter changed to summer, and the speaking head to be two infamous flames! He will not believe these authenticated facts, although he credits a miracle which proves the sanctity of Albertus;—after three centuries, the body of Albert the Great remained as sweet as ever.

"Whether such enchantments," as old Mandeville cautiously observeth, two centuries preceding the days of Porta, were "by craft or by nygromancy, I wot not." But that they were not unknown to Chaucer appears in his "Franklin's Tale," where, minutely describing them, he communicates the same pleasure he must himself have received from the ocular illusions of "the Tregetoure," or "Jogelour." Chaucer ascribes the miracle to "a natural magique," in which, however, it was as unsettled, whether the "Prince of Darkness" was a party concerned.

"For I am siker that there be sciences
By which men maken divers apparences
Swiche as thire subtil tregetours play.
For oft at festes have I well herd say

That tregetours, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and down.
Sometime had seemed come a grim leoun,
And sometime flowies spring as in a mede,
Sometime a vine and grapes white and rede;
Sometime a castel al of lime and stone,
And when hem liketh voideith it anon:
Thus seest thou it to every mannes sight."

Bishop Wilkins's Museum was visited by Eveyn, who describes the sort of curiosities which occupied and amused the children of Science. "Here, too, there was a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance;" a circumstance which, perhaps they were not then aware, revealed the whole mystery of the ancient oracles, which they attributed to demons, rather than to tubes, pulleys and wheels. The learned Charles Patin, in his scientific travels, records, among other valuable productions of art, a cherry-stone, on which were engraven about a dozen and a half of portraits! Even the greatest of human geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, to attract the royal patronage, created a lion which ran before the French monarch, dropping *leurs de lis* from his shaggy breast. And another philosopher who had a spinet which played and stopped at command, might have made a revolution in the arts and sciences, had the half-stuffed child that was concealed in it not been forced, unluckily, to crawl into daylight, and thus it was proved that a philosopher might be an impostor!

The arts, as well as the sciences, at the first institution of the Royal Society, were of the most amusing class. The famous Sir Samuel Moreland had turned his house into an enchanted palace. Every thing was full of devices, which shewed art and mechanism in perfection; his coach carried a travelling kitchen; for it had a fireplace and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat by clockwork. Another of these virtuosi, who is described, as "a gentleman of superior order, and whose house was a knickknackatory," valued himself on his multifarious inventions, but most in "sowing salads in the morning, to be eat for dinner." The house of Winstanley, who afterwards raised the first Eddystone light-house, must have been the wonder of the age. If you kicked aside an old slipper, purposely lying in your way, up started a ghost before you; or if you sat down in a chair, a couple of gigantic arms would immediately clasp you in. There was an arbour in the garden by the side of a canal; you had scarcely seated yourself when you were sent out afloat to the middle of the canal—from whence you could not escape till this man of art and science wound you up to the harbour. What was passing at the Royal Society, was also occurring at the "Académie des Sciences" at Paris. A great and gouty member of that philosophical body, on the departure of a stranger would point to his legs, to shew the impossibility of conducting him to the door; yet the astonished visitor never failed to find the virtuoso waiting for him on the outside, to make his final bow! While the visitor was going down stairs this inventive genius was descending with great velocity in a machine from the window; so that he proved, that if a man of science, cannot force nature to walk down stairs, he may drive her out at the window!

If they travelled at home, they set off to note down prodigies. Dr. Plott, in a magnificent project of a journey through England for the advantage of "Learning and Trade," and the discovery of "Antiquities and other Curiosities," for which he solicited the royal aid which Leland enjoyed, among other notable designs, discriminates a class thus: "Next I shall enquire of animals; and first of strange people."—"Strange accidents that attended corporations and families, as that the deans of Rochester ever since the foundation by turns have died deans and bishops; the bird with a white breast that haunts the family of Oxenham near Exeter, just before the death of any of that family; the bodies of trees that are seen to swim in a pool near Breton in Cheshire, a certain warning to the heir of that honourable family to prepare for the next world." And such remarkable as "Number of children, such as the Lady Temple, who before she died saw seven hundred descended from her." This fellow of the Royal Society, who lived nearly to 1700, was requested to give an addition of Pliny: we have lost the benefit of a most copious commentary! Bishop Hall went to the "Spa." The wood about that place was haunted not only by "freebooters, but by wolves and witches; although these last are oftentimes but one." They were called *lous garous*; and the Greeks, it seems, knew them by the name of *λυκαβρυται*, men wolves, witches that have put on the shapes of those cruel beasts. "We saw a boy there, whose half-face was devoured by one of them near the village; yet so, as that the ear was rather cut than bitten off." Rumour had spread that the boy had had half his face devoured; when it was examined, it turned out that his ear had only been scratched! However, there can be no doubt of the existence of wolf-wolves; for Hall saw at Limburgh "one of those miscreants executed, who confessed on the wheel to have devoured two and forty children in that form." They would probably have found it difficult to have summoned the mothers who had lost the children. But observe our philosopher's reasoning: "It would make a large volume to scan this problem of *lycanthropy*." He had laboriously collected

all the evidence, and had added his arguments: the result offers a curious instance of acute reasoning on a wrong principle."

Men of science and art then passed their days in a bustle of the marvellous. I will finish with a specimen of philosophical correspondence in a letter to old John Aubrey. The writer betrays the versatility of his curiosity by very opposite discoveries. "My hands are so full of work that I have no time to transcribe for Dr. Henry More an account of the Barnstable apparition—Lord Keeper North would take it kindly of you—give a sight of this letter from Barnstable to Dr. Witchcot." He had lately heard of a Scotchman who had been carried by fairies into France; but the purpose of his present letters is to communicate other sort of apparitions than the ghost of Barnstable. He had gone to Gastonbury, "to pick up a few berries from the holy thorn which flowered every Christmas-day." The original thorn had been cut down by a military saint in the civil wars but the trade of the place was not damaged, for they had contrived not to have a single holy thorn, but several "by grafting and inoculation." He promises to send these berries, but requests Aubrey to inform "that person of quality who had rather have a *bush*, that it was impossible to get one for him. I am told," he adds, "that there is a person about Glastonbury who hath a nursery of them, which he sells for a crown a piece, but they are supposed not to be of the right kind."

The main object of this letter is the writer's "suspicion of gold in this country;" for which he offers three reasons. Tacitus says there was gold in England, and that Agrippa came to a spot where he had a prospect of Ireland—from which place he writes; secondly, that "an honest man had in this spot found stones from which he had extracted good gold; and that he himself had seen in the broken stones a clear appearance of gold;" and thirdly, "there is a story which goes by tradition in that part of the country, that in the hill alluded to there was a door into a hole, that when any wanted money they used to go and knock there, that a woman used to appear, and give to such as came. At a time one by greediness or otherwise gave her offence, she flung to the door, and delivered this old saying, still remembered in the country—

"When all the Daws be gone and dead,
Then ——— Hill shall shine gold red."

My fancy is that this relates to an ancient family of this name, of which there is now but one left, and he not likely to have any issue." These are his three reasons; and some mines have been perhaps opened with no better ones! But let us not imagine that this great naturalist was credulous; for he tells Aubrey that "he thought it was but a monkish tale, forged in the abbey, so famous in former time; but as I have learned not to despise our forefathers, I question whether this may not refer to some rich mine in the hill, formerly in use, and now lost. I shall shortly request you to discourse with my lord about it to have advice, &c. In the mean time, it will be best to keep all private for his Majesty's service, his lordship's, and perhaps some private person's benefit." But he has also positive evidence: "A mason, not long ago, coming to the renter of the abbey for a freestone, and sawing it, out came divers pieces of gold, of 3l. 10s. value, of ancient coins. The stone belonged to some chimney-work; the gold was hidden in it, perhaps, when the Dissolution was near." This last incident of finding coins in a chimney-piece, which he had accounted for very rationally, serves only to confirm his dream, that they were coined out of the gold of the mine of the hill; and he becomes more urgent for a private search into these mines, which "I have, I think, a way to." In the Postscript he adds an account of a well, which, by washing, wrought a cure on a person deep in the king's evil. "I hope you don't forget your promise to communicate whatever thing you have, relating to your Idea."

This promised idea of Aubrey may be found in his MSS., under the title of "The Idea of Universal Education." However whimsical, one would like to see it. Aubrey's life might furnish a volume of these philosophical dreams; he was a person who, from his incessant bustle and insatiable curiosity, was called "The Carrier of Conceptions of the Royal Society." Many pleasant nights were "privately" enjoyed by Aubrey and his correspondent about the "Mine in the Hill;" Ashmole's MSS. at Oxford, contain a collection of many secrets of the Rosicrucians; one of the completest invention is "a Recipe how to walk invisible." Such were the fancies which rocked the children of science in their cradles! and so feeble were the steps of our curious infancy!—But I start in my dreams! dreading the reader may also have fallen asleep!

* Hall's postulate is, that God's work could not admit of any substantial change, which is above the reach of all infernal powers; but "Herdin the devil plays the double sopister; the sorcerer with sorcerers." He both deludes the witch's conceit and the beholder's eyes." In a word, Hall believes in what he cannot understand. Yet Hall will not believe in one of the Catholic miracles of the "Virgin of Louvain," though Lipsius had written a book to commemorate "the goddess," as Hall sarcastically calls her; Hall was told with great indignation in the shop of the bookseller of Lipsius, that when James the First had looked over this work, he flung it down, vociferating "Damnation to him that made it, and to him that believes it."

DAY AND NIGHT.

(For the London Journal.)

Lightness and veiled Darkness, sisters twain,
 Hold momentary converse morn and eve :
 Lightness attended by her gorgeous train
 Of sunbeams, and that single star, whose reign
 Lasts longest in the sky. The Pleiads grieve
 Around the grace of Night; Orion mourns,
 And dim Arcturus pours his flowing urns.
 The comet's lurid homage decks her brow!
 Upon the mountain heights the sisters meet,
 When glistening pearl-dews cool their glowing feet.
 They part—where venturous vessels never plough
 Old Ocean's utmost waves.—'Tis very sweet
 To conjure up their greetings, voiceless given—
 Farewells, and welcomes, blush'd across the heaven!

J. H.

TIMELY INTERCESSION.

Two instances are recorded in which an effectual appeal was made, in one case to the fears, and in another to the religious prejudices of conquerors, who in no other passage of their lives, have shewn any propensity to tender feeling or common humanity. Yet on these occasions their extravagant fury was arrested, by the cool expostulation, admirable presence of mind, and well-timed dexterity of individuals, neither exalted by rank, nor eminent for intellectual abilities; individuals whom, in any other point of view, they would have crushed as worms beneath their feet. The first was soon after the conquest of China by Zingis, who, enraged by some real or imaginary opposition to his ferocious despotism, issued an order for exterminating, by an indiscriminate massacre, the whole of the miserable natives, men, women, and children. The murder of millions was already on the threshold of preparation, when Yelutchou-say, an honest and intrepid Mandarin, who possessed what honest men frequently despise, and do not always exert, the valuable faculty of adapting himself to the expediency, the circumstances, and the necessities of the times in which he lived, without forfeiting his integrity, rushed into the presence of the haughty Khan.

Having acted as his interpreter, and being a favourite, in an erect attitude and elevated voice, he thus addressed the conqueror: "Is it thy intention to destroy the faithful Tartars, as well as the Chinese?" "Should the hair of the head of a single Tartar be injured," replied Zingis, "I will desolate the face of the earth." "Then recal the order thou hast given," said the Mandarin, "for the utter destruction of both nations will be the inevitable consequence of its being carried into execution." "Dost thou mean by the resistance the Chinese will make?" said the Khan, with a mixture of indignation and contempt. "Know, rash man, that I condemn thy menace, as much as I despise thy power; they have fled, and will fly before my hardy hands as sheep from the tiger, or as dust is dissipated from the northern blast." "I entertained no such thought," said the Chinese; "And after hearing what I have to say, thou wilt be at liberty to follow thy own inclination; but of this thou mayest rest assured, that if thy commands be literally executed, pestilence and famine will soon destroy the troops. Who can, or who will inter, a hundred million of dead bodies, which if unburied, will affect the air you breathe. Another object is also worthy of thy consideration; the indiscriminate destruction proposed, will not leave a single artisan, or a single slave, to administer to the comforts, to sharpen the weapons, or to till the ground of their Tartar lords. "But should a few of the miserable slaves be spared from the general havoc, by policy or interest, who can protect and insure thee, and the companions of thy conquest, from the secret conspiracies, the midnight dagger, and the poisoned bowl of the survivors; I appeal to thy own sense and feelings, if it is possible for any human creature to serve with complacency or attachment the assassins of their parents, their brethren, or their children; it is contrary both to nature and reason; whatever may be their profession, blood for blood, the erosions of cruelty and revenge, the most fascinating and inextinguishable of all our passions, will lurk in the secret recesses of our hearts. I therefore pray," concluded the excellent Yelutchou-say, conscious of the impression he had made, and the strong ground on which he stood, "I humbly pray that the rebellious and the guilty may be severely punished, but that the industrious citizen, the inoffensive rustic, the hardy labourer, their wives and their children, may continue to serve thee unmolested; that Zingis and his faithful Tartars may live likewise." The conqueror listened with attention and obedience to his pacific, and instantly recalled the savage mandate he had issued.

The second example of influence happily exerted, was during the predatory expedition of Nadir Shah into Hindoostan, in the middle of the Eighteenth century. As soon as the merciless tyrant entered Delhi, he ordered every gate in the city to be shut, and closely guarded, and it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that none should enter or go forth, on pain of death.

The provisions within the walls being inadequate to the daily consumption, famine was speedily the consequence of this severe decree; and the unfeeling monster saw thousands perishing from hunger, or devouring sub-

stances at which nature revolts, without one emotion of pity or regret.

Surrounded by death in its most hideous and agonizing forms, and with the shrieks and groans of starving wretches assailing his ears, he ordered martial music to be constantly played, and with apparent unconcern indulged himself to excess in the pleasures of the table, aggravating injury by insult. He also ordered the theatre to be magnificently illuminated, and an entertainment to be performed for his amusement.

At this musical and dramatic exhibition, Tucki, an actor and a singer, pleased the barbarian so much, that he exclaimed in his transports, that he would grant the player any favour that he should ask; at the same time confirming his declaration with an oath.

The hero of the piece, who amidst all the assumed gaiety and splendour of an oriental drama, strongly felt for, and warmly sympathized with the sorrows of his countrymen, instantly prostrated himself before Nadir, and taking a fair advantage of his voluntary offer, said, "Command, Oh King, that the gates of the city may be opened."

The cruel invader thus surprised into an act of humanity, paused for a moment, but recollecting the solemn oath he had taken, and uniting superstition and enormity, granted the prayer of Tucki with considerable reluctance; and disconcerted in his hateful plans, retired, frowning to the palace.

TABLE-TALK.

A Picture.—Among all the interesting objects which Chandler has seen in his travels, there is none except the Parthenon which I so much wish to see as the stupendous ruins of the temple of Apollo at Ura, near Miletus, the description of which has perfectly transported me. Chandler saw them towards evening, when a herd of goats had spread themselves over the majestic reliques, climbing among blocks of marble and massy pillars, while the whole was illumined with the richest tints of the setting sun, and the still sea glittered in the offing.—*Matthison's Letters.*

JAMES PRICE was an English chymist, who in the course of experiments exhibited in the presence of several men of science and reputation, produced a wonderful powder, which, if it did not actually turn all it touched to gold, like the fabulous philosopher's stone, made very near approaches to that miraculous transmutation. Half a grain of this wonder-working ingredient, which was of a deep red colour, and weighed by an indifferent person, prevented quicksilver from evaporating or boiling, though the crucible which contained it, was surrounded by an intense fire, and was itself become red hot. I will not puzzle my readers, nor incur the risque of exposing myself, by describing in technical terms every part of the progress. It is sufficient to observe, that Dr. Price directed, but touched nothing, and that at the conclusion of the operation, when the crucible was cooled, and broken, a globule, weighing ten grains, of a yellow metal, was found at the bottom, which a skilful artist, after trying it by the common tests, pronounced it to be pure gold, for which he would give the highest price that was generally asked for that metal. A variety of experiments which it is not necessary to particularize in this place, and of which the principal nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of Guildford, the doctor's residence, were witnesses, established beyond a doubt the fact, that by means of his extraordinary powders, for he produced a white as well as a red one, silver and gold, in the proportion of 28 to 1, and in other instances of 40 to 1, and 60 to 1, was repeatedly produced. Notwithstanding such unexceptionable evidence, the world still incredulous and suspecting deception, demanded further experiments; but the sanguine expectations of the friends of Dr. Price were checked by the reply he made; "The whole of my materials have been expended in the experiments I made, and I cannot furnish myself with more but by a process tedious and operose, whose effects I find have already been injurious to my health, and of which I decline the repetition." Whether the operator had impaired his fortune, his intellect, or his spirits, I cannot tell; but I understand that he not long after died by his own hands, and his secret, to the experimental chymist, so highly interesting, perished with him. The philosopher and statesman who may lament the loss of an art, which would apparently have enabled us to pay off the national debt, and to set at defiance the exhausting circumstances of war, will, however, cease to repine, and estimate the doctor's secret at its proper value, when they are told, as he confessed to a friend, a few months before his death, that the materials necessary to produce an ounce of gold cost seventeen pounds. *Lounger's Common Place Book.*

A Guild of Poets!—Nürnberg also was the chief seat of the farious Meistersänger and their Sangerzünfte or Singer-guilds, in which poetry was taught and practised, like any other handicraft, and this by sober and well-meaning men, chiefly artisans, who could not understand why labour, which manufactured so many things, should not also manufacture another. Of these tuneful guild-brethren, Hans Sachs, by trade a shoemaker, is greatly the most noted and most notable. His father was a tailor; he himself learnt the mystery of song under one Nunnebeck, a weaver. He was an adherent of his great contemporary Luther, who has even deigned to acknowledge his services in the cause of the Reformation; how diligent a labourer Sachs must have been, will appear from the fact, that in his 74th year (1568), on examining his stock for publication, he found

that he had written 6048 poetical pieces, among which were 208 tragedies and comedies, and this besides having all along kept house like an honest Nürnberg burgher, by assiduous and sufficient shoe-making! Hans is not without genius, and a shrewd irony; and above all, the most gay, child-like, yet devout and solid character; a man neither to be despised nor patronized, but left standing on his own basis, as a singular product, and a still legible symbol, and clear mirror of the time and country where he lived. His best piece known to us, and many are well worth perusing, is the *Fastnachtspiel* (Shrovetide Farce) of the *Narrenschneider*, where a doctor cures a bloated and lethargic patient by cutting out half-a-dozen Fools from his interior!—*Thomas Carlyle on German Literature.*

A French Wit.—*Singular mode of accommodating a Debt.*—Bois-Robert was the best companion of his time; his admirable invention of agreeable stories, with his inimitable manner of telling them, had made him a kind of favourite with Cardinal Richlieu. Upon any indisposition of this minister, his physician would say to him, "My lord, no endeavours, you may be sure, will be wanting in us for your recovery; but all won't do, without some Bois-Robert." Bois-Robert, on some occasion, unfortunately got out of the Cardinal's favour. The Royal Academy of Science, who were indebted to him for Richlieu's patronage, proposed to intercede for him; but the Cardinal being informed of it, intimated that their application would be to no purpose; upon which, they consulted with his Eminence's physician, and he at the end of the first prescription for the minister, who frequently stood in need of his skill, writ *Recipe Bois-Robert* ("a dose of Bois-Robert,") which succeeded.—This companionable person, more witty than wise, played so deep, that at one ill run he lost no less than ten thousand crowns with the Duke de Roquelaure. The duke loved money, and insisted upon being paid; but an accommodation was brought about by a friend, Bois-Robert sold off all he had, which made up four thousand crowns; this sum a gentleman carries to the Duke, telling him he must forgive the rest, and Bois-Robert would compose a panegyric ode on him, but of the very worst kind. "Now when it comes abroad that the Duke of Roquelaure has rewarded a paltry piece with six thousand crowns, your generosity will be extremely applauded, and, it will doubtless be said, what would he have given to a well-written poem!"

A Strange Prisoner.—In the inner court of the state-prison of Pierre-Gucise, at Lyons, I saw an old man with a venerable aspect, walking with slow yet firm steps, whose uncommon height struck me forcibly. He was neat, but old fashioned in his dress, and my conductor persuaded me to talk to him, for he loved conversation. I began therefore by observing on the weather, and the very remarkable situation of the castle, but I soon led him to the subject of his imprisonment. "It is now sixty years," he said with a resolute tone, "that I have seen nothing but these walls, and eighty-five that I have been in the world; I might have regained my freedom twenty years ago, but it was then too late, and I continue here above, where at present I am very well off;—I do not know that I should be so down below." Of the cause of his imprisonment I inquired in vain; only thus much I learned that he is of an illustrious family, and that he has never answered a single question upon the subject of his captivity.—*Matthison's Letters.*—[If this poor prisoner had not lost his wits, he furnishes one of the most remarkable instances, on record, of the force of habit. He had got so used, in fact, to his prison, that he could not have borne to be out of it. The novelty, and the being born, as it were, a second time to a world which had become different to him, would have frightened him. Such things have been. It is said of an old prisoner in the Bastille, when it was set open, that he requested to be taken back again to his cell. Such are the trials, but such also are the endurances, of human nature.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our next number, we shall have the pleasure of paying our acknowledgments to various kind notices in Magazines and Newspapers. We also hope to say something on Mr. Coleridge.

We had always intended (and if we are not mistaken, have said so) to give a series of those criticisms from time to time, a sample of which (in the instance of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*) has met the approbation of an OLD FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER.

The "Angler," from Goethe, is creditable to the translator; but it does not appear to us to afford any particular evidence of the genius of its great author.

We are sorry to say we have no recollection of the article mentioned by Mr. James.

The novel mentioned by Mr. M. has not come to hand. Nor the communication, to the best of our recollection, of G. B. W.

T. R. W. shall have attention.

Various articles from correspondents are under consideration; and promised insertions of others, or of extracts from them, shall now appear in weekly succession, till our stock be out.

a
e;
is
nd
s-
m,
be
h-
a-
he
for
m;
hat
ch,
at
who
ois-
ise,
than
ure.
aid;
end,
four
the
ois-
ut of
that
piece
ex-
what

state-
with
steps,
e was
luctor
ation,
nd the
on led
s now
I have
eedom
ntinne
—I do
Of the
y thus
y, and
on the
If this
one of
force of
on, that
novelty,
a world
ghtened
old pri-
he re-
uch are
human

asure of
otices in
y some-

mistaken,
ms from
stance of
robation

the trans-
particular

on of the
come to
of our re-

nder con-
rs, or of
eekly suc-

fall East.



Engraved by R. Sands.

Drawn by F. Nash.

TO THE CHURCH OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON, AND LADY HELEN, THE WIFE OF THE LORD OF THE TOWER CHAPEL.

Tr
be
wi
po
lic
br
to
the
per
the
visi
sar
hee
you
and
eye
log
thei
How
prev
heav
they
happ
pain
or h
sity
had
and
your
Bon
T
deri
(for
and
ener
pane
some
for n
Bu
"Tru
of th
ing t
least
their
if th
begi
heav
high
ing le
An
and f
lime-t
he ha
We
which
windo
a grea
of ho
things
is pret
might
for a w
so clos
parent
—so p
ception
ceive i
dering
eyes w
SPAN